too close. And let all the 'Flamingo' go below now and we'll get out dry clothes for you. And it's cold and hungry you must be, all of you, but the cook's getting coffee and grub ready. And for the 'Duncan's' crew—on deck all hands and put the tops'ls to her. For, Maurice—boy, we're going home. Hang on awhile longer, Joe, and I'll take her myself."

No need to tell me to hang on. If I hadn't hung on or been lashed to the wheel I could never have kept my feet, for at this time it was so bad that they passed a line from my waist to the wind'ard bitt, and I was up to my waist with every dive of her.

"Lord, she's a dog, ain't she! If old man Duncan could see her now! Remember Tom O'Donnell singing that old song the other night:

"'West half-no'the and drive her—
We're abreast now of Cape Sable—
'Tis an everlasting hurricane,
But here's the craft that's able.'

"We're not abreast of Cape Sable yet, to be sure, but it won't take us too many hours at this clip. And here's the craft that's able. Man, wouldn't it be fine if Tom O'Donnell himself was with us and the pair of us racing home? Let me take the wheel now, Joe. And go for'ard and have a mug-up for yourself—and have a care going, Joe, for it's leaping she is now, and seas that'd lift you a cable's length to loo-ard if ever they caught you fair. That's it. Oh, but if your mother back in Gloucester could see you now, Joe, it's never to sea you'd come again!"

I made my way for'ard. A dash between the house and wind'ard rail, a shoot for the mainm'st and holding on there for awhile, another dive for the gripes on the dories, another shoot between rail and dories, a grip of the bow gripes, a swing around, and I was at the fo'c's'le hatch. Here I thought I heard the skipper call, and looked aft.

He had a leg either side of the wheel, standing full height and sawing the spokes a bit up and down to get the feel of her. The life-line was trailing from his waist to the bitt; the clear white sea was up to his middle and racing over the taffrail. He had cast away his mitts to better grip the spokes, and even as I looked he took off his sou'wester and sent it scaling. The wind taking hold of it must have carried it a quarter of a mile to leeward. Watching it go, he laughed—laughed such a roar of a laugh—stamped his feet and began to sing:

"Oh, I love old ocean's smile,
I love old ocean's frowning—
My love's for ocean all the while,
My prayer's for death by drowning."

The devil was in him then. "Did you call me, skipper?" I called out to him.

"Did I? Did I? Lord, Joe, I don't know! Maybe I did. I don't know, but maybe I did. I feel like calling from here to Gloucester, and if I did I bet they'd hear me. Shakes, Joe, but it's good to be alive! Isn't it? Just to be alive! Whew! But I wish I had a few more sou'westers—just to see 'em scale. But what was it I wanted? But is the cook there?"

"He is—I c'n hear him talking."

"Then go below and tell him, Joe—tell him to mouse his pots and kettles, for with sail alow and sail aloft, with her helmsman lashed and her house awash, in a living gale and the devil's own sea, the 'Johnnie Duncan's' going to the west'ard."

And she certainly went.

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[In next week's issue of the Sunday Magazine will appear "The Race," a thrilling story of a memorable contest between the fastest boats of the Gloucester fishing fleet. Its author, James B. Connolly, who jumped into fame last year with his first volume of Gloucester sketches, thinks that "The Race" is his masterpiece.]

The Persecution of Philip

By Arnold M. Anderson

"I NEVER saw the beat in my life! I wonder whatever will become of that boy?" said Mrs. Harmon despairingly. "I can't understand it! It's only lately that we have missed anything—he never used to steal— Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I don't know what I am going to do about it, I'm sure! And to think that he keeps getting worse instead of better, in spite of all my pleading and preaching! I've scolded him and whipped him; made him go without meals; locked him in the closet; prayed for him—I've prayed until I have almost lost my faith! Nothing seems to have the least influence with him; so that is why I have spoken to you today—I thought perhaps you could suggest something. I've tried everything I can possibly think of, and you know, Mr. Kimball, as well as I do, what an honest family ours has always been—there's no heredity in this case. I'm sure of that; it's just pure perversity if ever there was such a thing."

"It is very sad, Mrs. Harmon, but let us not give him up. Philip is so young—I doubt if he can appreciate the wrong that he is doing. The child's love for sweets often amounts to a passion. You must admit that, Mrs. Harmon," said the Rev. Mr. Kimball, consolingly.

"But what makes him deny everything? He insists that he has never touched a single preserve or a cookie or a doughnut except what was given him. What makes him lie like that?"

"Have you ever caught him in the act?" asked the minister.

"No, not actually taking anything—he has been too sly for us, but I've heard him in the pantry, and he's had the stomach-ache frequently—"

"Perhaps, after all, he isn't the thief—it is possible that there may be someone else."

"But who? Who? Philip is the only child in this house, and no one from outside could possibly have taken all these things without some of us seeing him. I only wish I could believe that someone else was guilty. I would be only too happy to believe it, but I can't; the facts are against it."

"Well, then, perhaps it would be well to drug a jar of jam."

"You don't mean for me to poison my own child?"

"No, no, hear me—I mean simply to mix in some mild drug which will cure him of his mania for sweets—I merely suggest the idea—there would be no harm in it, of course."

"Oh, I couldn't bear to do anything like that. Just think how I would feel if—if—Philip is a good boy—there must be some other way!"

"Undoubtedly. I'll think it over, and if anything occurs to me I'll let you know."

For three weeks the Harmon household had been in a state of perturbation owing to the mysterious disappearance of jellies, jams, preserves, cake, fruit, pies, doughnuts and delicacies of various kinds. The syrup jug had been levied upon, the bonbons in Miss Nellie's room were stolen, and a fruit cake which had been made at the time of Mrs. Harmon's marriage, and was being carefully saved for the day when Nellie should wed, was partly eaten. Nothing that was sweet, from raisins and prunes to honey and molasses, was left intact; even the pills in poor old gran'pa's medicine chest were robbed of their sugar coating and left black and bitter.

For all these crimes little six-year old Philip was held responsible. Poor Philip was hounded from morning to night; but he would not confess. He was spanked, scolded and wept over; he was tormented by his sister Nellie; yanked about by his big, rough brother; scorned by Milly the servant, and smiled at foolishly by gran'pa. The only one who seemed to have the least bit of sympathy for him was his father, whose business, unfortunately, kept him away most of the time.

Mr. Harmon was secretly pleased that his youthful son could so completely baffle the efforts of a whole household of adults. What great possibilities were here; what fine talent he would bring to bear in business when he grew up! Surely this was a wonderful boy! The stealing part—nonsense! As if one at his age was capable of discriminating in such matters. But naturally the father did not express these sentiments to the family. He maintained discreet silence and awaited results with increasing interest.

Philip was taken ill. It looked very much like a case of nervous prostration, the doctor said, and he was at a loss how to account for one so young being thus afflicted. The patient was feverish, but strange to say his stomach was in good order. He grew worse, and it was necessary to sit up at night with him. At times he was delirious and raved piteously about jam and jelly, cakes and pies and sister's bonbons; he sobbed and wept in his delirium, and said that mamma didn't love him any more. He called for papa, then his mind would wander back to jams and jelly again.

Bad, wicked Philip, to cause so much trouble in a family! But why is the mother so eager to embrace her guilty boy; why does sister hold his hand and stroke his brow; why does the big, rough brother tiptoe into the room and speak in whispers; why does the father sit up night and day by the erring child's bedside, forgetful of business and the world of affairs? What a change has come over all!

Philip had not moved from his bed for a week, but still the dainties in pantry and cellar continued to disappear in the same mysterious manner as before. Strange! But nobody cared now—only let Philip get well.

Mrs. Harmon was sitting up with the patient one night after the doctor had pronounced him out of danger, and shortly after midnight she had occasion to go down to the kitchen for a pitcher of fresh water. She heard a noise. The door of the pantry opened cautiously and out came a figure clad in night-robes, a frail, trembling figure that clasped in a pair of bony arms sundry bits of pastry and a few jars of preserves.

"Gran'pa! Has It Been You? For Pity Sake!"

"Gran'pa! Gran'pa!" screamed Mrs. Harmon. "You? Has it been you? For pity sake!" and she caught the old man by the shoulders and shook him frantically.

"Leave me be, Lucy, leave me be—I warn ye!" muttered the grandfather, childishly.

"Gran'pa, has it been you all this time? You haven't been eating all that stuff—you couldn't!" Mrs. Harmon sank into a chair and gasped, while gran'pa, muttering incoherently, tottered off up-stairs with his plunder.

Upon investigation there was found in the old man's room a trunk containing a haphazard collection of empty preserve jars, jelly glasses, dry pieces of cake with the frosting eaten off, crumbs, crusts, buttered paper, pie-tins, a few spoons and a number of broken plates. It seems that gran'pa had entered into the joys of his second childhood.